

## 2 Pac "Real Bad Boys"

Visit "[Real Bad Boys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Thug Life! Comin' str8 out the West Coast,  
Real Boy Killaz!  
2pac with the Assassin! And we ridin' for the west Side!

Bad Boy, Bad Boy whatcha gonna do?  
Whatcha gonna do when we comin' at you??  
Bad Boy, Bad Boy whatcha gonna do?  
Whatcha gonna do when we comin' at you??  
Bad Boy, Bad Boy whatcha gonna do?  
Whatcha gonna do when we comin' at you??  
Bad Boy, Bad Boy whatcha gonna do?  
Whatcha gonna do when we comin' at you??

[2pac]

I got these bustaz on my block, and they after me  
Runnin' round tellin' these niggaz, how they goin'  
capture me.  
It's gettin' crazy, it's hard to make my mind up  
Now should I bucm em' down and put my 9 up?  
Ya see, I ain't a Bad Boy, jus' a boy that had it bad  
I graduated from 22?s to 357 mags.  
Runnin' on these marks for they stash and I ain't askin  
Givin' up or get the blastin'.  
The penitentiary don't scare me  
A str8 thug nigga...hoes say they'll take care of me.  
And tell me who the fuck you goin' find?  
Rough enough to tell these bitch niggaz this is mine  
Now busta meet my 9!  
20 role on the grind I'm sick about mine and uhh  
Ain't nutin' wrong wit' gettin' high.  
A hustlin' ass nigga from the projects  
I'm makin' loot, screamin' Thug Life, nigga when I  
shoot.  
They made me a (badboy!)

(hook)

Bad Boys can't stop Thug Life, westside when we ride,  
one time!  
Bad Boys can't stop Thug Life, we gotsta keep on  
thuggin'!  
Bad Boys can't stop Thug Life, westside when we ride,  
one time!

Bad Boys can't stop Thug Life, we gotsta keep on  
thuggin'!

Fuck Bad Boy!

[the Assassin]

I'm screamin' west side ridah when we ride and in a  
hoo ride

Suicide til the day gettin' high!

From the Bay to LA, drinkin' Tanqueray and da Alize

When we stay on the blocks, slangin' rocks, runni' from  
cops.

When we runnin', we comin', and gunnin' and you get  
done and

In the city wit' no pity, down wit' Thug Life, we doin' it  
live!

Everytime we side on you trick made bitches.

Packin' a 45, recognize the game in yo' set

BEtta jet when I get you wet, wit' intention a' do or die

Homicide, genocide to the other side

When we glide wit' my nigga Pac we bustin' em niggaz

On th block wit' Gangsta-D back up me your real OG  
comin' up outta the 7 T rees.

Strick 9 to the LHD

We claimin' to bring we make em fiend

For the fact we havin' em stack on the map

For the city of Sac al the way to the Jo' when stroll

Poppin the mos, outta killa California, str8 loc  
westcoast!

(hook)repeat1

Hahahahaha!

Visit [2 Pac](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.